



Our Country, her Commerce, and her Free Institutions.

VOLUME I.

OTTAWA, ILLINOIS, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1841.

NUMBER 41.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY  
GEORGE F. WEAVER & JOHN HISE,  
Canal Street, nearly opposite the Mansion House.

TERMS:  
Two dollars and fifty cents per annum, if paid in advance; Three dollars if not paid before the expiration of the first six months; And three dollars and twenty-five cents if delayed until the end of the year.

Advertisements inserted at \$1 per square for the first insertion, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion. A liberal discount made to those who advertise by the year.

No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the editors. All communications, to ensure attention, must be post paid.

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## From Graham's Magazine.

## THE SOUL'S DESTINY.

BY MRS. N. S. B. FAN.

And oh! the soul! she saw in visions bright,  
The veil withdrawn which hides the world of light,  
With eye of faith she gazed in fearful joy,  
And they were there! her husband and her boy!  
Sweet hope of Heaven! thou art a healing balm—  
If storms arise thy deep rich holy calm  
Comes with a spirit influence to the breast,  
And to the weary mourner whispers "rest!"  
Rest—for the fondly loved, the early dead!  
Rest—for the fainting spirit Heavenward fled!  
Rest—from a tiresome path in weakness trod!  
Rest—in the bosom of the Saviour, God!

## STANZAS.

BY WILLIAM LEGGET.

The birds when winter shade the sky,  
Fly o'er the seas away,  
Where laughing isles in sunshine are,  
And summer breezes play.  
And thus the friends that flatter near,  
When fortune's sun is warm;  
Are startled when the clouds appear,  
And fly before the storm.

From the New Yorker.

## The Book of Mormon.

One of the greatest literary curiosities of the day is the much celebrated "Book of Mormon." That a work of the kind should be planned, executed, and given to the scrutiny of the world by an illiterate young man of twenty—that it should gain numerous and devoted partisans here and in Europe, and that it should agitate a whole state to such a degree that law, justice, and humanity were set aside to make a war of extermination on the new sect, seems scarcely credible in the nineteenth century, under this liberal government; yet such is the fact.

The believers in the Book of Mormon now number well nigh 50,000 souls in America, to say nothing of numerous congregations in Great Britain. They style themselves the Latter-Day Saints, as it is a prominent point in their faith that the world is soon to experience a great and a final change. They believe and insist upon believing, *literally* the Old and New Testament, but they also hold that there are various other inspired writings, which in due season will be brought to light. Some of these, (the Book of Mormon, for example,) are even now appearing, after having been lost for ages. They think that in the present generation will be witnessed the final gathering together of the true followers of Christ into one fold of peace and purity—in other words, that the Millennium is near. Setting aside the near approach of the Millennium and the Book of Mormon, they resemble in faith and discipline the Methodists, and their meetings are marked by the fervid simplicity that characterises that body of Christians. It is in believing the Book of Mormon inspired that the chief difference consists; but it must be admitted that this is an important distinction.

This is their own declaration of faith on that point. A young man named Joseph Smith, in the western part of New York, guided, as he says, by divine inspiration, found, in 1830, a kind of stone chest or vault, containing a number of thin plates of gold, held together by a ring, on which they were all strung, and engraved with unknown characters. The characters the mormons believe to be the ancient Egyptian, and that Smith was enabled by inspiration to translate them—in part only, however, for the plates are not entirely given in English. This translation is the book of Mormon, and so far it is a faint and distant parallel of the Koran. In

much the same way Mahomet presented his code of religion to his followers, and on that authority the sceptre-sword of Islamism now sways the richest and widest realms that ever bowed to one faith. But the mormons have a very different career before them: their faith is opposed to all violence, and from the nature of their peculiar doctrines, they must soon die of themselves if they are wrong. If the appointed signs that are to announce the Millennium do not take place immediately. The Latter-Day Saints, must, by their own shewing, be mistaken, and their faith fall quietly to the ground. So to prosecute them merely for opinion's sake is useless as it would be unjust and impolitic.

The Book of Mormon purports to be a history of a portion of the children of Israel, who found their way to this Continent after the first destruction of Jerusalem. It is continued from generation to generation by a succession of prophets, and gives in different books an account of the wars and alliances of the Lost Nation. The Golden Book is an abridgement by Mormon, the last of the prophets, of all the works of his predecessors.

The style is a close imitation of the scriptural, and is remarkably free from any allusions that might betray a knowledge of the present practical or social state of the world. The writer lives in the whole strength of his imagination in the age he portrays. It is difficult to imagine a more difficult literary task than to write what may be termed a continuation of the Scriptures, that should not only avoid all collision with the authentic and sacred word, but even fill up many chasms that now seem to exist, and thus receive and lend confirmation in almost every body.

To establish a plausibly sustained theory, that the aborigines of our continent are the descendants of Israel, without committing himself by any assertion or description that could be contradicted, shows a degree of talent and research that in an uneducated youth of twenty is almost a miracle of itself.

A copy of the characters or some of the golden leaves, was transmitted to a learned gentleman of this city, who, of course, was unable to decipher them, but thought they bore resemblance to the ancient Egyptian characters.

If, on comparison, it appears that these characters are similar to those recently discovered on those ruins in central America, which have attracted so much attention lately, and which are decidedly of Egyptian architecture, it will make a very strong point for Smith. It will tend to prove that the plates are genuine, even if it does not establish the truth of his inspiration, or the fidelity of his translation.

In any case, our constitution throws its protectingegis over every religious doctrine. If the Mormons have violated the law, let the law deal with the criminals; but let not a mere opinion, however absurd and delusive it may be, call forth a spirit of persecution. Persecution, harsh daughter of cruelty and ignorance, can never find a home in a heart truly republican. Opinion is a household god, and in this land her shrine is inviolate.

JOSEPHINE.

## Horse-Race in Africa.

"The race-course was bounded on the north by low granite hills, on the south by a forest, and on the east and west by tall shady trees, among which were habitations of the people. Under the shadow of these trees the spectators were assembled, and testified their happiness by their noisy mirth and animated gestures. When we arrived the king had not made his appearance on the course; but his absence was fully compensated by the pleasure we derived from watching the anxious and animated countenances of the multitude, and in passing our opinions on the taste of the women in the choice and adjustment of their fanciful and many-colored dresses. The chief's wives and younger children sat near us in a group by themselves; and were distinguished from their companions by their superior dress. Manchester cloths of inferior quality, but of the most showy patterns, and dresses made of common English bed furniture, were fastened round the waist of several sooty maidens, who, for the sake of fluttering a short hour in the gaze of her countrymen, had sacrificed in her clothes the earnings of a twelvemonth's labor. All the women had ornamented their necks with strings of beads, and their wrists with bracelets of various patterns, some made of glass beads, some of brass, others of copper, and some again of a mixture of both metals; their ankles also were adorned with different sorts of rings, of neat workmanship.

"The distant sound of drums gave notice of the king's approach, and every eye was immediately directed to the quarter from whence he was expected. The ca-

valcade shortly appeared, and four horsemen first drew up in front of the chief's house, which was near the centre of the course, and close to the spot where his wives and children and ourselves were sitting. Several men, bearing on their heads an immense quantity of arrows, in huge quivers of leopard skin, came next, followed by two persons who, by their extraordinary antics and gestures, we concluded to be buffoons. These last two were employed in throwing sticks into the air as they went on, and adroitly catching them in falling, besides performing many whimsical and ridiculous feats. Behind these, and immediately preceding the king, a group of little boys, nearly naked, came dancing merrily along, flourishing cows' tails over their heads in all directions. The king rode onwards, followed by a number of fine looking men on handsome steeds; and the motley cavalcade all drew up in front of his house, where they awaited his further orders without dismounting. This we thought was the proper time to give the first salute, so we accordingly fired three rounds, and our example was immediately followed by two soldiers, with muskets, which were made at least a century and a half ago.

"Preparations in the mean time had been going on for the race, and the horses with their riders made their appearance. The men were dressed in their caps and loose robes and browsers of every color: boots of red morocco leather, and turbans of white and blue cotton. The horses were gaily caparisoned: strings of little bells covered their heads; their breasts were ornamented with bright red cloth and tassels of silk and cotton; a large quilted pad of neat embroidered patchwork was placed under the saddle of each; and little charms, inclosed in red and yellow cloth, were attached to the bridle with bits of tinse.

"The signal for starting was made, and the impatient animals sprang forward and set off at a full gallop. The riders brandished their spears, the little boys flourished their cows' tails, the buffoons performed their antics, muskets were discharged, and the chief himself, mounted on the finest horse on the ground, watched the progress of the race, while tears of delight were starting from his eyes. The sun shone gloriously on the robes of green, white, yellow, blue, and crimson, as they fluttered in the breeze; and with the fanciful caps, the glittering spears, the jingling of the horses' bells, the animated looks and warlike bearing of their riders, presented one of the most extraordinary and pleasing sights that we have ever witnessed. The race was well contested, and terminated only by the horses being fatigued and out of breath; but though every one was emulous to outstrip his companion, honor and fame were the only reward of competitors.

"A few naked boys, on ponies without saddles, then rode over the course, after which the second and last heat commenced. This was not by any means so good as the first, owing to the greater anxiety which the horsemen evinced to display their skill in the use of the spear and the management of their animals. The king maintained his seat on horseback during these amusements, without even once dismounting to converse with his wives and children, who were sitting on the ground on each side of him. His dress was showy rather than rich, consisting of a red cap, enveloped in the large folds of a white muslin turban; two under robes of blue and scarlet cloth, and an outer one of white muslin, red trousers, and boots of scarlet and yellow leather. His horse seemed distressed by the weight of his rider and the various ornaments and trappings with which his head, breast, and body were bedecked. The chief's eldest and youngest sons were near his women and other children, mounted on two noble looking horses. The eldest of these youths was about eleven years of age. The youngest, being not more than three, was held on the back of his animal by a male attendant, as he was unable to sit upright in the saddle without this assistance. The child's dress was ill suited to his age. He wore on his head a tight cap of Manchester cotton, but it overhung the upper part of his face, and together with its ends, which flapped over each cheek, hid nearly the whole of his countenance from view; his robe and trousers were made exactly in the same fashion as those of a man, and two large belts of blue cotton, which crossed each other, confined the robe to his body. The little legs of the child were swallowed up in clumsy yellow boots, big enough for his father; and though he was rather pretty, his whimsical dress gave him altogether so odd an appearance that he might have been taken for anything but what he really was. A few of the women on the ground by the side of the king, wore large white dresses, which covered their persons like a

winding sheet. Young virgins, according to custom, appeared in a state of nudity; many of them had wild flowers stuck behind their ears, and strings of beads, &c. round their loins; but want of clothing did not seem to damp their pleasure in the entertainment, for they appeared to enter into it with as much zest as any of their companions. The sport terminated, and the king's dismounting, was a signal for the people to disperse."—*Scientific Tracts.*

## Woman.

The following just and beautiful compliment to woman is by Judge Story:

"To the honor, to the eternal honor of the sex, be it said, that in the path of duty no sacrifice is with her impossible but to shrink from what love, honor, benevolence, and religion require. The voice of pleasure or of power may pass by unheeded, but the voice of affliction never. The chamber and the pillow of the dying, the vigils of the dead, the altars of religion, never missed the presence or the sympathies of woman. Timid though she be, and so delicate that the winds of heaven may not too roughly visit her, on such she loses all sense of danger and assumes a preternatural courage which knows not and fears not consequences. Then she displays the undaunted spirit which neither courts difficulties nor evades them; that resignation which neither utters murmurs nor regrets; and that patience in suffering which seems victorious even over death itself.

## Newspapers.

A child beginning to read becomes delighted with a newspaper, because he reads of names and things which are familiar, and he will make a progress accordingly. A newspaper in one year, says Mr. Weeks, is worth a quarter's schooling to a child, and every father must consider that substantial information is connected with this advancement. The mother of the family being one of its heads, and having a more immediate charge of children, ought to be intelligent of mind, pure in language, and always circumspect. As the instructor of her children, she should herself be instructed.

Children amused by reading and study, are of course considerate, and more easily governed.

How many thoughtless young men have spent their evenings in a tavern or grog shop, who ought to have been reading! How many parents, who never spent twenty dollars for books for their families, would gladly have given thousands to reclaim a son or daughter, who had ignorantly and thoughtlessly fallen into temptation!

Weekly newspapers can be had at from one to three dollars per year, being from two to five cents per week. Each paper costs the printer before it is printed about one cent. He therefore obtains from one to four cents for editorial duties, and for composition, printing, distributing, &c. This is extremely low. It is the price paid for advertisements which must keep newspapers alive.

Thus the readers of newspapers get the cheapest of all possible reading.

## American Mechanics.

We are truly gratified to see and to hear of the superiority of the productions of this class of our citizens over those of the mechanics of the older countries of Europe. On the one hand, we hear of orders for entire sets of machinery for flouring mills, to be sent to Trieste; cotton gins for Manchester, in England; printing presses for the continent of Europe; many chambered cannon for the pasha of Egypt; locomotives for the Birmingham and Gloucester railway; rifles and guns of all kinds, for France; and so on, *ad infinitum*—we could never tell one half. On the other hand, this country has furnished France, England, Russia, Turkey, Austria, and other European countries, with ships of war and steam ships, and ships that do not go by steam; and even now, steam frigates are on the stocks for Spain; one was recently launched, intended for the Russian Autocrat; and what but the superiority of which we are speaking caused the sultan at Constantinople to exclaim *mashallah!* wonderful! when Mr. Rhodes, an American mechanic, launched a ship with the assistance of only ten or twelve men! To wind up our article, we are led to exclaim, who is not proud to be called an American Mechanic!—*St. Louis Argus.*

ALL THE DIFFERENCE.—Hannah More once expressing to Dr. Johnson her surprise that Milton, who wrote the *Paradise lost*, should write such poor sonnets. "Madame," said Johnson, "Milton was a man who could cut a colossus from a rock, but he could not carve heads upon cherry stones."

From the Lancaster Intelligencer.

## Ireland and her Wrongs.

In our number of last week, we gave an article from one of the New York papers, stating that the character of the Representatives of the United Kingdom in the English Parliament. From that, some of the causes which are now impelling so many thousands of men to ask for the "Repeal of the Union" between England and Ireland may be gathered.

It is there shown that Ireland with a population of eight millions, has about one fifth the number of Representatives sent from England, the population of which is only five millions greater! It is also proved that England has three hundred and nineteen more representatives than Ireland, Scotland and Wales together! So, that some cause for the great Movement now agitating the Emerald Isle particularly, and the British possessions generally, may be gleaned from these facts.

But this does not fill the cup of Irish wrongs. There are other grievances, of higher and graver import, operating upon the minds of a brave and persecuted race of men. Four fifths of the people of Ireland are Catholics, devoted to their faith and ready to die in its defence. The established church is that of England. The income of the church, from taxation, &c. annually is five million of dollars. The people pay these taxes, and the Catholics, therefore must support two hierarchies. These enormous taxes are generally raised by those infamous tithes; which are wrung from the most abject and needy. In the language of the Historian, "the last cow and the last pig are often forced away by the officer to satisfy the demand of an English clergyman whose doctrines they disbelieve." Tyranny and injustice like these are the certain agents of misfortune and beggary and destitution brood over the hearths of the poor. The food of the peasantry, as they are called by their too patronizing friends, is principally buttermilk and potatoes, and sometimes a scarcity of even these. A cow is kept in almost every cabin, but neither butter nor cheese, not even poultry and eggs are ever thought of by the owner: the tax gatherer takes them all! The farmer fears to cultivate his soil, lest his rent be raised. From these grievances of course arise a thousand others. The people are driven to acts of which the Irish character properly developed is never guilty. The land is neglected. Agriculture very backward, and the scant products of the soil exported to other countries, or made the means of paying the enormous claims of absentee landlords, who live in London, in gorgeous splendor, rioting upon the hard earnings of the miserable tenantry.

This is but an unfaithful picture of the case, but it will serve to show why the people of Ireland are calling out with all their energies for a repeal of the union between that country and England.—More than 10 years before the Rebellion, the people of Ireland were placed on the same footing with England, in regard to Representation, and enjoyed all the benefits of their own Parliament. The effect then shows what it would be now under the same circumstances. The resources, genius and powers of the Nation were then rightly developed, and the contentment of the people proved that Ireland, if properly regarded, properly governed, nay, if treated with ordinary justice, must rise to the height of glory in all that relates to character, wealth and intelligence. But the Revolution of 1798 followed, and the unfortunate Union between Ireland and England was consummated in 1801.—From that day to this the iron hand of despotism—because the wrongs of Ireland have been more than tyrannical, and worse than the treatment of his serfs by the Russian czar—has laid heavily and crushingly upon the people—blighting their prospects—begging them and mortgaging, to foreign speculators, the fruits of their toil.

They are now asking for a repeal of this Union. The "agitation" is progressing with the fury of a tempest; and linked with the cause of Temperance, has become a moral movement of that extraordinary kind which stronger than physical strength and irresistible as an unloosed torrent, as in the revolution of Luther, must uproot and prostrate all opposition. We apprehend, however, that it cannot be expected from the justice or magnanimity of Great Britain; it must be wrung from her FRANKS. It partakes too much of the American spirit—too much of freedom—too much of Democracy, and the struggle to accomplish it will be long and fearful. England may flatter herself with the belief that, foreseeing all this, her expressions, have prevented the people of Ireland from preparing for a resort to the last alternative; that they are unused to arms and can procure neither money nor munitions; in one word, that they can

never fulfill their desires. But she must not rest secure under this deceptive belief. Eight millions of human beings, destined, had they been regarded rightly, to form a bright star in the gloom of the East, made desperate by the fetters and insults of forty years of tyranny will not, should their peaceful and reasonable prayer now be disregarded—should the repeal of the Union be refused to them—wait to count the weight of such objections.—They will look rather to the living example on this side of the water, and perhaps make a last stand against the tyrant. The fear of this will alone induce the granting of the prayer for Repeal. We hope, honestly and sincerely, that such may be the case; and that Ireland will become what she can be, a liberal, brave, intelligent and prosperous nation. Every American will wish her God speed in the good work; her defeat in this effort would overshadow our hearts, but her success would make us feel proud that she was worthy of her name and the age. It is only another feature in the great cause of Progress. As such we watch it with unabated interest.

## Beautiful Extract.

"I cannot believe that earth is man's abiding place. It cannot be that life is man's abiding place. It cannot be that life is cast upon the ocean of eternity to float for a moment upon its waves, and sink into nothingness! Else why is it that the glorious aspirations which leap like angels from the temples of our hearts, are forever wandering about unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and clouds come over us with a beauty that is not of earth; and then pass off and lose their loveliness? Why is it that the stars who hold their festival around their midnight throne, are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with unapproachable glory? And finally, why is it that the bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view and then taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back in Alpine torrents upon hearts? We were born for a higher destiny than that of earth; there is a realm where the rainbow never fades—where the stars will be spread out before us, like the islands that slumber in the ocean; and where the beings that pass before us like shadows, will stay in our presence forever!"—*Bulwer.*

## Childhood.

Ah! Childhood—beautiful mystery!—how does nature lie all around thee, as a treasure house of wonders. Sweet and gentle season of being! whose flowers bring on the period of ripening, or bloom but to wither and fade in their loveliness—time of "thick-coming" joys and tears! of tears that pass quickly away, as if they did not belong to thee, of joys that linger and abide long and yet make the long day short—time of weakness! yet of power to charm the eye of sages from their lore. Childhood! what a mystery art thou, and what mysteries dost thou deal with. What mystery is there in thy unfolding faculties, that call forth wonder from those that gaze upon thee, and seem to thyself at times almost as if they were strange reminiscences of an earlier being! What mystery is there in thy thoughts, when thou art first struggling to grasp the infinite and eternal! when thou art told of immortal regions where thou shalt wander onward forever, and saying even to the teaching voice of authority, "I cannot, father: it cannot be!"—*Rev. O. Devey.*

MISS WILBERFORCE.—When Mr. Wilberforce was chosen member for York, his daughter, in walking home from the scene of the election, was cheered by an immense crowd, who followed her to her own door, crying—"Miss Wilberforce for ever! Miss Wilberforce for ever!" The young lady turned, as she was ascending the stair, and motioning to the populace to be quiet, said, very emphatically, "Nay, gentlemen, if you please, not Miss Wilberforce for ever," which sent them all home in good humor.

NOT TO BE DARED.—"Oh! my dear, how come you so wet?" inquired an affectionate mother of her son. "Why, mar, one of the boys said I dar'n't jump into the creek, and, by gosh! I tell you, I ain't to be dared."

A wag passing a lively stable one day, in front of which several horses were tied, stopped suddenly and gazed at them for some time with a phiz indicating the utmost astonishment, and then addressed the owner who was standing near, and asked him "if he made horses?" "Make horses!" said the knight of the broom and currycomb, "no! why do you ask such a question?" "Only," replied he, "because I observe you have several frames set up!"